

SEGREGATED DISTRICT CHRISTIAN BLACK BOX

TOTAL OF
LECTED
PAST
FROM
W. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Novelized from the Photo Play of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.

SYNOPSIS.

Stanford Quest, master criminalist of the world, finds that in bringing to justice Mademoiselle, the murderer of Lord Ashleigh's daughter, he has but just begun a hazardous struggle with a powerful mastermind. He is a fugitive not in Professor Ashleigh's garden, he has seen off another spy skeleton and a living human creature, half monkey, half man, who can transform black horses, one containing diamonds torn from a jeweled chest by a pair of armless, threatening hands, both with such skill that they guide proceed. "He seems to have picked up something, Edgar, in those South American trips of yours, for a clever thing I never saw. You see all these bushes everywhere—clouds of them all along the river?"

"We call them tules," Quest mutters. "Wall!"

"When Craig arrived here," Lord Ashleigh continued, "he must have heard the baying of the dogs in the distance and he knew that the game was up unless he could put them off the scent. He cut a quantity of these bushes from a place a little farther behind those trees, then stepped boldly into the middle of the water, waded down to that spot where, as you see, the trees hang over, stood stock still and leaned them all around him. It was dusk when the chase reached the river bank, and I have no doubt the bushes presented quite a natural appearance. At any rate, although the dogs came without a check to the edge of the river, where he stepped off, they never picked the scent up again either on this side or the other."

As soon as we could get together one or two of the keepers and a few of the local constabulary, we started off again from here. The dogs brought us without a check to this shed, and started off again this way."

"You know, of course," he began, "that Craig was arrested at Liverpool in consequence of communications from the New York police, understand that it was with great difficulty that he was discovered, and it is quite clear that someone on the ship had been heavily bribed. However, he was arrested, brought to London, and then down here for purposes of identification. I would have gone to London myself, and, in fact, offered to do so, but on the other hand, as there are many others on the estate to whom he was well known, I thought that it would be better to have more evidence than mine alone. Accordingly, they left London one afternoon, and I sent a dogcart to the station to meet them. They arrived quite safely and started for here. Craig handcuffed to one of the Scotland Yard men on the back seat, and the other in front with the driver. About half a mile from the south entrance to the park the road runs across a rather desolate strip of country with a lot of low undergrowth on one side. We had a little trouble with poachers there, as there is a sort of gypsy camp on some common land a little way away. My head keeper, to whom the very idea of a poacher is intolerable, was patrolling this ground himself that afternoon and caught sight of one of these gypsies setting a trap. He chased him, and more, I am sure, to frighten him than anything else, when he saw that the fellow was getting away, he fired his gun, just as the dogcart was passing.

"The latter turned his head. An elderly man in a heavy velvet coat, with glasses and thick boots, raised his hat respectfully. "This is my head keeper, Middleton," his master explained. "He was with us on the chase."

The professor shook hands heartily with the newcomer.

"It was a queer turn of fate George," he declared, as he held out before him a wonderfully cleaned glass filled with amber wine, "which sent you into the world a few seconds before me and made you Lord of Ashleigh and me a straggling scrivener now."

"The world has benefited by it," Lord Ashleigh remarked, with more than fraternal courtesy. "We have

everything was in harmony, even the grave precision of the solemn-faced butler and the powdered hair of the two footmen. Quest, perhaps for the first time in his life, felt almost lost, hopelessly out of touch with his surroundings and a straggling figure. Nevertheless, he entertained the little party with many stories. He wrangled all the time against that queer sense of anachronism which now and then became almost oppressive.

The professor's pleasure at finding himself once more amongst these familiar surroundings was obvious and intense. The conversation between him and his brother never flagged. There were topics and neighbors to be asked after matters concerning the estate on which he demanded information. Even the very servants' names he remembered.

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Showing the Guest Through Hamlin House.

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER XVII.

THE INHERITED SIN.

"Getting kind of used to those courtly shaws, aren't you, Lenora?" Quest remarked, as they stepped from the automobile and entered the house in George square.

"Could anyone feel much sympathy," she asked, "with those men? Red Gallagher, as all they called him, is more like a great brutal animal than a human being. I think that even if they had sentenced him to death I should have felt that it was quite the proper thing to have done."

"Too much sentiment about those things," Quest agreed, clipping the end off a cigar. "Now like that are better off the face of the earth. They did their best to send me down."

"There's a telegram for you," Lenora exclaimed, bringing it over to him. "Mr. Quest, I wonder if it's from Scotland Yard."

Quest tore it open. They read it together. Lenora standing on tiptoe to peer over his shoulder.

"Blowaway answering in every respect your description of Craig found on Durham. Has been arrested, as desired, and will be taken to Hamlin house for identification by Lord Ashleigh. Reply whether you are coming over, and full details as to charge."

"Good for Scotland Yard," Quest declared. "So they've got him, eh? All the same, that fellow's as slippery as an eel. Lenora, how should you like a trip across the ocean, eh?"

"I should love it," Lenora replied. "Do you mean it, really?"

Quest nodded. "That fellow fooled me pretty well," he continued, "but somehow I feel that if I get my hands on him by the shoulders and ask him whether these things are true, we have faced death together, Craig and I. We have done more than that—we have courted it. There is nothing about him I can accept from honesty. I shall go with you to England, Mr. Quest."

CHAPTER XIX.

The professor rose from his seat in some excitement as the carriage passed through the great gates of Hamlin park. He acknowledged with a smile the respectful curtesy of the woman who held it open.

"Send a cable off at once to Scotland Yard," he directed. "Say—'Am sailing on Louisiana tomorrow. Hold prisoner. Charge very serious. Have full warrants.'"

Lenora wrote down the message and went to the telephone to send it off. As soon as she had finished Quest took up his hat again.

"Come on," he invited. "The machine's outside. We'll just go and look in on the professor and tell him the news. Poor old chap, I'm afraid he'll never be the same man again."

They found the professor on his hands and knees upon a dusty floor. Carefully arranged before him were the bones of a skeleton, each laid in its appointed place.

"What about that unhappy man, Craig?" the professor asked, gloomily. "Isn't the Durham almost due now?"

Quest took out the cablegram from his pocket and passed it over. The professor's fingers trembled a little as he read it. He passed it back, however, without immediate comment.

"You see, they have been cleverer over there than we were," Quest remarked.

"Perhaps," the professor assented. "They seem, at least, to have arrested the man. Even now I can scarcely believe that it is Craig—my servant Craig—who is lying in an English prison. Do you know that his people have been servants in the Ashleigh family for some hundreds of years?"

Craig was clearly interested. "Say, I'd like to hear about that!" he exclaimed. "You know I'm rather great on heraldry, professor. What class did he come from? That were his people—just domestic servants always?"

The professor's face was for a moment troubled. He moved to his desk, rummaged about for a time, and finally produced an ancient volume.

"This really belongs to my brother, Lord Ashleigh," he explained. "He brought it over with him to show me



Craig Disappeared About Here Six."

brother and Lady Ashleigh have recovered from the shock of poor Lenora's death in a marvelous manner, I believe, but the sight of the girl might have brought it back to them. You have left her with friends, I hope, Mr. Quest?"

"She has an aunt in Hampstead," the latter explained. "I should have liked to see her safely there myself, but we should have been an hour or two later down here, and I tell you," he went on, his voice gathering a note almost of ferocity, "I'm wanting to get my hands on that fellow Craig! I wonder where they're

ing. The horse shied, the wheel caught a great stone at the side of the road, and all four men were thrown out. The man to whom Craig was handcuffed was knocked, but Craig himself appears to have been unknocked. He stumbled up, took the key of the handcuffs from the pocket of the officer, unlatched them and slipped off into the undergrowth before either the groom or the other Scotland Yard man had recovered their senses. To cut a long story short, this was last Thursday, and up till now not a single trace of the fellow has been discovered."

Quest rose abruptly to his feet.

"Say, I'd like to take this matter up right on the spot where Craig disappeared," he suggested. "Couldn't we do that?"

"It all means," Lord Ashleigh agreed, touching a bell. "We have several hours before we change for dinner. I will have a car round and take you to the spot."

The professor acquiesced readily, and very soon they stepped out of the automobile on to the side of a narrow road, looking very much as had been described. Further on beyond a stretch of open common, they could see the smoke from the gipsy encampment. On their left-hand side was a stretch of absolutely wild country, bounded on the far distance by the gray stone wall of the park. Lord Ashleigh led the way through the thicket, talking as he went.

"Craig came along through here," he explained. "The groom and the Scotland Yard man who had been staying by his side followed him. They searched for an hour, but found no trace of him at all. Then they returned to the house to make a report and get help. I will now show you how Craig first eluded them."

He led the way along a tangled path, dashed back, plunged into a little spinney and came suddenly to a small shed.

"This is an ancient gamekeeper's shelter," he explained; "built a long time ago and almost forgotten now. What Craig did, without doubt, was to hide in this. The Scotland Yard man who took the affair in hand found distinct traces here of recent occupation. That is how he made his first escape."

Quest nodded.

"Sure!" he murmured. "Well, now, what about your more extended search?"

"I am coming to that," Lord Ashleigh replied. "As Edgar will remember, no doubt, I have always kept a few bloodhounds in my kennels, and

we tried them for four or five hours before we took them home. The next morning, while the place was being thoroughly searched, we came upon the spot where these bushes had been cut down, and we found them caught in the low bushes of a tree, drifting down the river."

Quest had lit a fresh cigar and was smoking vigorously.

"What astonishes me more than anything," he pronounced, as he stood looking over the desolate expanse of country, "is that when one comes face to face with the fellow he presents all the appearance of a nervous and broken-down coward. Then all of a sudden there spring up these evidences of the most amazing, the most diabolical resource. . . . What's this, Lord Ashleigh?"

The latter turned his head. An elderly man in a heavy velvet coat, with glasses and thick boots, raised his hat respectfully.

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Galveston, June 2nd and 3rd

Waco, June 5th, 6th, 7th
and 8th, return April 28th.

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STOCKHOLDER'S MEETING

Notice is hereby given that the
annual meeting of the stockholders
of Louis Brownstein & Son, Inc.,
and Office of the Chamber
of Commerce, will be held
Tuesday, June 23, 1915,
Annual Meeting of the
Chamber of Commerce
immediately following the
meeting of stockholders.

M. SCHREIBER, ACCORD

The pictures for the above will be shown at the AMUSU THEATRE next Saturday afternoon and night.